

THE MISSIONARY HELPER

MY CREED

I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.
I would be friend of all—the foe—the friendless;
I would be giving, and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up—and laugh and love—and lift.

—Howard Arnold Walter.

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Publication Office, 195 Main Street, Saco, Maine, W. L. STREETER, Agent.

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To whom all matters relating to subscriptions should be sent

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EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS

MISS L. C. COOMBS, India MRS. R. D. LORD MRS. EMELINE BURLINGAME CHENEY
MRS. LAURA E. HARTLEY MRS. M. A. W. BACHELDER IDA LORD REMICK
MRS. LOU M. P. DURGIN PROF. H. T. MACDONALD PROF. A. W. ANTHONY, D. D.

PUBLICATION COMMITTEE

MISS LENA S. FENNER MRS. ETHELYN H. ROBERTS MRS. LUCIA H. LIBBY
MISS MAY MALVERN MISS EDYTH R. PORTER
MRS. H. H. HAYES MRS. WALTER MALVERN

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The Missionary Helper

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE
FREE BAPTIST WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY
NELLIE WADE WHITCOMB, EDITOR

VOL. XL.

AUGUST, 1917

No. 8

Reaching Out

THOU great Teacher of the race of men, who hast brought us out of the darkness of past ages into the marvelous light of these latter days, accept our gratitude, we pray thee, for that measure of release from superstition and fear which is our portion today. Make us realize that, though the way has been long and the progress great, there is as much for us yet to discern and appropriate and pass on to others as came to our fathers before us.

Grant us open minds and discerning hearts, and make us quick to learn a lesson in everything and everybody. Save us from cramped minds and shriveled souls. Give wings to our thought and wideness to our affections. May our fellowship together in these meetings help us along the pathway of light and love. Amen.

—From "The People's Prayers," Voiced by a Layman,
George W. Coleman.

Motto: Faith and Works Win.

Colors: Blue and Gold.

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

The prayer on the first page is an appropriate one to read at Annual Meeting which will be in session when this number of the HELPER is issued. Such fellowship does truly "help us along the pathway of light and love." "I shall never cease to be glad and humbly grateful," writes one of our younger workers, "for comradeship and service with all our dear Free Baptist ladies." We need, also, "Wings to our thought and wideness to our affections." But how could a missionary woman be *limited* in such challenging times! "Men and women who have been zealous for foreign missions are world patriots," is a declaration in the latest annual report of the W. A. B. F. M. S. Perhaps the greatest need is that of "steadyheadedness," as emphasized in *The Missionary Review of the World*: "The neglect of present duty is poor preparation for the performance of future duty.Until a new task is given to us the greatest contribution that we can make to the nation is to do our old tasks better than ever before.The work is what it was. You are what you were. The Great Commission is not conditioned on world politics. The harvest is wider than ever and the thunder of war must not drive away the reapers. Dr. Moffat's translation of the New Testament renders I Peter, 4:7—'Steady then, keep cool and pray.' ".....The Annual Report of the Woman's American Baptist Foreign Mission Society should be in the hands of our state workers. The apportionment plan is explained on page 51. It is also stated that the income from invested funds, legacies, annuities and individuals does not come within that plan, which satisfactorily answers questions asked by our workers. We hope that each one of our auxiliaries will send for a copy of "Our Work in the Orient," mentioned on another page.India mail is so uncertain, these days, that we were delighted to receive articles, photographs and letters in season for this HELPER. Surely we shall all be more interested in Jellalore, hereafter, and respond heartily to Miss Barnes' appeal for prayer. Do you realize when you look at a picture of some scene in our India field what it has cost of time and thought and money? Mr. Krause—who is in charge of Industrial work at Balasore—went to Jellalore on purpose to take these pictures; the generosity of another missionary made possible the reproduction for our magazine, and it is a cause for thanksgiving that they are not at the bottom of the sea instead of in these pages.Miss Barnes wrote from Balasore, May 22: "I'm here with Dr. Mary just now. We have had six native ladies

in to tea today. Four were our own helpers and two were visitors from Calcutta, as this is vacation time." On the same date, Mrs. Holder wrote from Chandipore: "Dr. and Mrs. Murphy and Mr. Long are in a bungalow near us. Miss Porter is here with Doris and me. We find Chandipore lovelier than ever this year and are having such a good rest." Can you read Mrs. Holder's touching story of Kajkumari without being thankful that *you* can have a part in rescuing such as she? Will you of the Prayer League pray especially that she may be a blessing in passing on the good that she receives—in presenting Christ to her people? And Mrs. Burkholder has made this request, "I wish each and all of you would definitely pray for the Lord's blessing on the printed word. The spoken may be easily forgotten, but the tract and gospel will be a reminder and a witness." This recalls the recent statement: "Seventeen millions of Testaments, in eighty-eight languages have been distributed among the world's fighting forces. The cost of this is estimated at \$350,000—the free-will offerings of God's people.' In each of the Testaments is reproduced the autograph message of Lord Roberts, penned just before his death: 'I ask you to put your trust in God. He will watch over you and strengthen you. You will find in this little Book, guidance when you are in health, comfort when you are in sickness, and strength when you are in adversity.' What this has meant to thousands of soldiers, facing danger and death, has been attested by hundreds of letters 'telling the story of God's blessing on this work.' A Canadian cavalry officer confessed that he had set little store by the Bible until a day came in France when his battalion found itself in a perilous quarter. They were under fire and dared not move when the officer noticed a few of his men who had crawled into a group together, and saw one man take out his knife and cut a Testament into half a dozen bits and distribute them among his comrades, who there and then began to read."Miss Fenner, apologizing for the length of her very interesting article, writes: "I never saw anything so inexhaustible as our India mission!"It is too early, as we write these notes, to tell you anything about Ocean Park. Next month we shall have many things to report. The latch string is being lifted and our fellow-workers will soon be flocking in.So many happy words have been received this month about our HELPER! Miss Nellie B. Jordan expresses her interest in the Illustration Fund by a generous gift and the wish that our magazine might be with us for many years to come. One of our girls sent the following: "I thought the two last HELPERS *extra* good; especially did I enjoy that 'Twin' story—and doesn't Edyth Porter write the nicest notes!"A few words were unfortunately omitted in printing Mrs. Cox's article about Miss Butts. The completed sentence reads, "She did not allow herself to be deterred by the fact that she had already proved herself a wretched sailor."

A CHALLENGE TO CHRISTIAN WOMEN

A Message from the Executive Committee of the Federation of Woman's Boards of Foreign Missions of North America

In these crucial days which are testing the character of all men and women, when the political and moral life of our nation is imperilled, we must face the fact that our missionary enterprises stand also in grave danger. With the appeals from the Red Cross and other relief organizations, to which our hearts eagerly respond, many a woman feels that the missionary cause must give way for a while to these other emergencies. But the result of such turning away of regular gifts upon which the Boards have depended would result in a crippling of established work and a loss of ground which would be nearly or quite irrevocable. It is time to send out a word of warning.

The new need must not be met at the expense of the old.

The history of missions shows that times of great national crises were also times of great missionary activities. To cite only a few out of many:

The American Board sent out its first missionaries during the war of 1812. The Woman's Missionary Union was born in 1861 midst the throes of the outbreak of the Civil War, and in the decade following nearly all the leading Woman's Boards were organized. During these last three years England has maintained all its missions and a Canadian Board had the largest receipts last year in all its history.

Women, the challenge comes to us. We must hold fast to the work to which God has appointed us. The great lesson of the war is that true Christianity has been lacking. To give Christianity to all the world is the supreme task of the church, and have not we women dedicated ourselves to this task?

In the special meeting of the Federal Council held in Washington in May, Dr. John R. Mott and Dr. Robert E. Speer uttered stirring words calling to a larger work of evangelism than ever before. Never were there such challenging opportunities as today. Africa and Asia stand at the crossroads. *Today* we can lead them to Christ if we are faithful, but it may mean at such cost as we never have dreamed.

The challenge is calling us to a greater unselfishness—yea, to sacrifice, and it is leading us out to a larger service than we have ever been capable of in the past.

How will you meet it? How will I?

MRS. J. H. MOORE, *President of the W. B. F. M. of N. A.*

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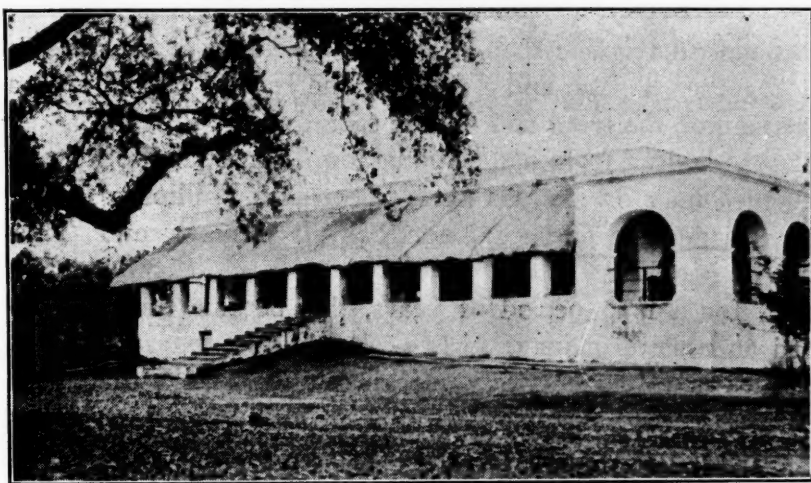
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JELLASORE THE BELOVED

By LENA SWEET FENNER.

Dear old Jellasore! How everybody loves it! Yes, "old", because it is the second home-place started by our people in India. Old, too, in atmosphere—quaint, ancient, picturesque with ruins. "Dear," yes, with heaped up blessed memories of the past, and with its possibilities of relaxation for tired nerves in the present!

It seemed too much to add Jellasore to Miss Coe's task, to run up there (half way between Balasore and Kharagpur) once a month to pay the women workers and inspect their work. But, in fact, it was to her



MISSION BUNGALOW, JELLASORE, INDIA

the Mecca of the month when, for a day, she might get out of the reach of the one hundred separate wants of her compound, and, in the peace of Jellasore, catch up accounts and correspondence and, oh, unheard of bliss, enjoy one uninterrupted siesta! It is home to Miss Barnes now. No one approves of her living there alone. But she is unmoved by arguments. The tendrils of the place just twine themselves about the heart whether one will or no.

Why is it? Is it so different from the rest of India? No. It is malarial, the ordinary number of cobras lurk in the tall grass, heathenism is as unattractive there as elsewhere. But—there is a repose, a peace about the place. It is apart from the busy marts. It is shut in by tall trees; from the road no house is visible. The bungalow is set high. To

reach it the drive winds around to the rear where entrance is made by a long flight of wide cement steps. At the front the slope is gradual from the porch to the gate, and the way sentineled on either side by immense banyan trees planted by Dr. Phillips. The vista down this path is charming in its shady seclusiveness.

Across the road—the great Jaganath road—and a vacant plot beyond, is the river,—“the river of the Golden Thread,” so called because of its windings over golden sands. A few rods below our bungalow, on the river-bank, are the ruins of a curious old tower, over-grown with tangled foliage. No one seems to be sure of its story. The most probable version is that of a light house to guide traffic in a day when the river was more navigable than it is now. Near our gate are two trees growing together, a palm and a pekul. The Hindus regard such a freak as a marriage of the trees and hold it sacred.

Jellasore is dear from associations, too. Christian work was started here and the bungalow builded by Dr. Jeremiah Phillips. To the house a room was added, a porch extended, as his family grew. This is the birthplace of Mrs. Burkholder.

Later, for a long period of years, this became the home of Miss Crawford and her orphanage girls. The dormitories and school house are razed now. The church, a pucca building with a thatch roof, the only one in our mission having a baptistry, was, when I was there, in a state of disrepair, roofless and windowless. Since the return of Miss Barnes it has been restored, and a young man installed as pastor. The boys' school is also held in the church.

Just beyond, toward the gate, is our bit of “God’s acre.” Here is the sacred dust of Miss Crawford and Mrs. Rae. A whitewashed, cement monument of some pretensions marks the resting-place of Miss Crawford. Standing by it, one is told of that new black silk dress from America, gift of a friend, hardly worn by the modest frugal woman in life, but all ready for that last hour.

It was in her home, the Jellasore bungalow, that Miss Coe and I, on one of her monthly trips, read together aloud, at the siesta period, the “Life of Lavina Crawford.” Read, until Miss Coe cried out in sheer despair, “Stop, do stop, I can’t bear it!” and, truly, the activities of that remarkable woman were sufficient to stagger anyone. But that the twenty-year impact of her life on the girlhood of our India *told* is evidenced in many of the homes and villages today where “Miss Crawford’s

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girls" have been or are the model mothers, home-makers, and Christian workers.

In recent years the Jellasore bungalow has thrice served as vacation home and resort for the Balasore Girls' Boarding. (Sinclair Orphanage.) It is thirty-five miles by rail from Balasore and sufficiently different to be attractive. It has shade and privacy, and hence more freedom within that privacy. Then mango trees, with fruit to make the mouth water abound. The river walks and river bathing are important assets.

My acquaintances with Jellasore is a pleasant memory. Miss Coe and I spent New Year's there, where she always spent that day. The watch meeting was held in the bungalow, beginning instead of ending at midnight. The young men followed it by a serenade to us and the folk of the Christian village. New Year's day was, for us, a time of feasting, first at Prasanna Babu's and then at Julia's (a sister of Maream of Balasore).

Then how we enjoyed that walk home from Julia's, picking by the way the pink and green pop-bells. The musical note of the conch-shell reverberating from one little Indian home to another, told us the attempt was being made to drive away the evil spirits for the night. One by one the twinkling lights of the village shone forth, as the first light in each home was lighted before the tulsi plant—the abiding place of the goddess of the home.

Everyone, Christian and Hindu, from porch and road-side, spoke to us as we passed along—kindly, cordial, simple-hearted folk. Oh, yes, Jellasore is loved! Dear old Jellasore!

Providence, R. I.

"These are the gifts I ask
Of thee, Spirit serene:
Strength for the daily task,
Courage to face the road,
Good cheer to help me bear the trav-
eler's load,
And for the hours that come between
An inward joy in all things heard and
seen."

ILLUSTRATED LETTER

(From Our Children's Missionary.)

Dear HELPER Friends:—

When I was a student in Hillsdale College a missionary meeting was planned for one Tuesday evening at the regular prayer meeting at the College. It was to be two minute talks on the mission stations in our Free Baptist Mission Field in India, and after each talk a prayer was to be offered for the station spoken of.

Mine was Jellasure and my information was mostly from the life of



MISS BARNES AND WOMEN WORKERS, JELLASURE, INDIA

Miss Crawford who lived here so long. For some reason the person I expected to offer prayer for Jellasure did not. So I had to ask specially for it, and dear Professor Williams, who soon after went to his Heavenly Home, immediately responded.

At that time I had no thought that this would ever be my home and place of service. But here I am! and I am *continually* asking my friends in America to pray for Jellasure. What I knew *then* came from a book. *Now*, from daily contact and living with the people. And the need is *more real to me*. We are a small Christian community, about 52 at present, surrounded by Hindus, and daily working and praying for them.



UMESH CURTIS AND FAMILY, JELLASORE, INDIA



DAY SCHOOL, JELLASORE, INDIA

Three were won and baptized from among them last year, and one girl of Christian parents.

I hope you will enjoy the pictures. Mr. Krause came from Balasore on purpose to take them. The first one is of the dear old Mission House. It is a busy place. The two east rooms are occupied by the children's missionary and the rest by the Day School. In the largest room our church services and Sunday School are held.

The second picture shows my women workers. The Bible women, Golap, Gera and Pooni are in the back row. The zenana teachers and "the Missi Baba" in the front. Five days in the week they go to work in the different villages. See the cart in which some of us go. Joseph, the Christian cartman, is standing between the bullocks. They are named Soona and Ru-pa (Gold and Silver). In the cool season we go long distances in this cart, take our tents and live in them and visit the villages around our camp, telling the Gospel story. *Very interesting work*, I assure you. The bullocks' bells tinkle all the night as they try to brush away the flies and mosquitoes.

Picture number three: Here is Umesh Curtis and his family standing near the big banyan tree south of the house. What would we do without Umesh? Teacher in the boys' school, Deacon, S. S. Superintendent and *all round* faithful helper. Always pleasant, always ready. We thank God for our native Christian helpers.

Picture number four: Our day school. There are two Christian men teachers and two Hindu teachers. At the right a Christian woman teacher for the girls, and the one behind her is Chumpa, the woman who goes every day to bring the little girls, the *däsi* she is called. There are about twelve Christian children of school age, the rest are Hindus and one little Santal girl. They learn the Golden text of the Sunday School lessons in day school.

God bless them every one. Quite a number of the boys are learning English. Our pastor is the teacher. Does Jellasore seem more real to you? The old request, then, pray for us.

Your Missionary,

E. E. BARNES.

For God has chosen out His designs, not in spite of you, but through you; and where you fail, He halts.—*Francis G. Peabody.*

RAJKUMARI: "KING'S DAUGHTER"

By IDA MARSHALL HOLDER.

I am sure that our HELPER friends will be interested in the story of a girl who has just come to us to become a Christian.

In a town about 20 miles from Midnapore lived a man who was the father of one son and two daughters. He owned a considerable property and held a high position in the village. When his son was old enough to marry the father found a wife for him in a nearby village. The little girl was 12 years old, of good family, good-looking and obedient. Her name was Rajkumari, meaning "King's Daughter." All went well in the new home for two or three years until one day the boy suddenly died, leaving Rajkumari that most despised of all women, a Hindu widow. Her jewelry was taken from her and given to the sisters. She could eat rice only once a day and was given only one coarse cloth to wear. These injustices she bore without complaint until finally she was told that they would no longer feed her, unless she earned her food by an immoral life. When she refused, she was beaten. She was beaten many times, but nothing changed her determination. Finally when she saw that she could not hold out much longer, she decided that if the Christians ever came to their town again she would run away with them. She knew almost nothing about Christ but had seen His followers and knew that if she became one, she would not have to lead an immoral life.

For years no Christian women had visited that village, but how wonderful are God's leadings! Josada, one of the Bible women, came and asked if she might take another woman and go to that village and work for two weeks. I tried to discourage her, telling her it was a malarial place and not customary for two women to stay alone in a place like that. However, she felt strongly that God wanted her to go there so she was allowed to go.

When Rajkumari heard that the Christians had come, she sent a servant to ask them to meet her secretly by a bathing pool. There she told them her story and begged them to take her. They explained to her what becoming a Christian in this land meant,—that she must endure persecution from her own people, always be very poor and have to work very hard. Her only answer was, "But I can be good, anyway, can't I?" They sent her back to her home, telling her they would think and pray about it and let her know later. They knew that if they took her, they would be persecuted and unable to stay and work in the village and the

people would refuse again to let them enter their homes to tell about Christ; and yet, they could not refuse her. Finally, it seemed plain that, no matter what the cost, God wanted Rajkumari and they called her to the Mission house where they were staying. In the meantime Dr. Murphy had gone to the village and called the girl's people and told them what she was determined to do. They made their objections, but nothing serious until Dr. Murphy had left the village. Then they began sending threats; telling the women what they would do if they did not give up the girl. Then they began various means of trying to entice one of the women outside of the house. Finally, some came with clubs, saying they would beat the two Bible women and kill Rajkumari. The station was 10 miles away and no one would give them the use of a cart to go in. There seemed no way out for them. They fasted and prayed all day for help. Rajkumari remained resolute. Nothing could drive her back to the old life. After dark, help came in the form of a Mohammedan woman who said she would get a Mohammedan man to bring his cart in the night and take them to the station. That was a long and fearful night for them, going by out-of-the-way paths through the jungle lest they be heard and caught. They arrived at Midnapore the next day at noon. Dr. Murphy immediately wired back for the police to protect the Mohammedan woman who had helped them get away.

This all happened about a month ago. As Rajkumari is bright and of a good family, and her coming seemed distinctly God's leading and planning, we have put her into school, hoping that some day *she* may become a Bible woman and go out and teach and bring her own people to Christ.

Chandipore, India, May 22, 1917.

CRADLE ROLL RALLIES

Dear Friends:

I wish I could give you a peep at all the letters that have come to my desk of late about our Cradle Roll, but I can give you merely a glimpse of the contents of some of them—a few of the reports of rallies which will only be a hint of what our children are doing from Maine to Michigan and beyond. "God bless the little children, wherever they may be."

Saco, Maine. Little Light Bearers held a rally June 27. They report 43 members and 12 promoted to the A. L. B.'s. Offering, \$8.75.

The Advanced Light Bearers held their rally June 6. Those who read the May HELPER know what a live band this is and what good work they are doing. (Moral, Go thou and do likewise.)

West Falmouth, Me. Another faithful band who have carried on the Cradle Roll work for years. The Superintendent writes: "Long ago I canvassed our parish and enrolled every baby available, and every new family with children moving into the place is visited and the children enrolled. (Moral No. 2, So worketh every successful Superintendent.) Their rally was held June 19. They report 24 now enrolled and three graduates. Offering, \$3.00.

North Berwick, Me. Held rally June 28, with 176 present. An informal lawn party with refreshments of ice cream and wafers. The L. L. B. roll numbers 138, the A. L. B., 35, and they have six memorial members. Offering, \$14.50. This is one of our *Star Rolls*, that is carried on systematically with an enthusiastic leader.

Dover, N. H. In advance of the Cradle Roll rally in the Washington St. Church early in June, attractive invitations were sent to the mothers. The afternoon was pleasant and about sixty persons, young and old, were present. The rooms were prettily arranged and decorated with flowers. There were recitations by the little ones, and an interesting talk to mothers by the Cradle Roll Secretary, Mrs. Laura Hartley. A small cradle was on the platform to which the children took their mite boxes. Refreshments followed the exercises.

Greenville, R. I. Held their rally June 27. Mrs. Roberts, the pastor's wife in this church, who had a vision of what the Cradle Roll might mean to us as Free Baptists, has lost none of the enthusiasm that she had for children's work twenty years ago, so their roll always has a good report. Their offering was \$5.00, with more to follow.

Portland, Me. The rally was held May 19, in the vestry, with good attendance. Games were played under the leadership of Mrs. Litchfield. Recitations and songs followed. Mrs. Harmon of Brewer told stories to the children. Refreshments were served. Offering, \$5.35.

I know there have been many other rallies, for so many have sent to me for supplies, but the reports have not yet reached me. I'm sure that every Superintendent who has taken the time to plan for a Cradle Roll Party has felt amply repaid, for no other work is so full of encouraging incidents; no event for the whole year is so rich in inspiration to the lover of, and believer in, children. "We are laborers together with God."

Cordially,

Your Cradle Roll Secretary,

LAURA E. HARTLEY.

7 Woodman St., Rochester, N. H.

ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW

By PEARL HALEY PATRICK.

"Well, this afternoon has been a revelation to me, Mildred Lane Brown!" exclaimed her old-time chum, who was her guest, after many years' separation. "I didn't know you had it in you." They were removing their wraps after an afternoon at the Missionary Society.

"Didn't know I had what in me?" asked Mrs. Brown quietly, a little disappointed that it was not the message of missions that had been a revelation to her society friend.

"Why, the way you presided at that meeting, the social grace, the tact, the art of managing folks, you know. Of course you are a dear—you always were—but you were such a quiet little mouse no one knew it hardly. Why, my dear, you could just shine socially!"

"Perhaps I do—in my little corner," laughed her friend, banteringly.

"Of course you do. You've got grace and dignity enough to preside at the most exclusive clubs. Where did you get it, anyway?"

"La, chile!" cried Mrs. Brown, rolling her big eyes in darky mimicry, "I don't done git it anywhar. I 'spect it jes' grows. Come on," dismissing the subject, "let's run get supper now," and seizing her friend, she hurried her to the kitchen.

If only Lucile could see the real heart of missionary work and not the mere externals as possible social attractions! She thought of Lucile's magnificent home, of the lavish social functions, of the nerve and health-destroying mad rush to keep ahead. That was why Lucile was here now, for a month, to recuperate from the effects of the winter's revels, in this quiet country town. Mildred loved Lucile with the strange, yearning love one woman sometimes gives to another whose ideals seem to her all wrong and yet whose possibilities seem so great.

"I didn't know you cared for that sort of thing, anyway," Mrs. Dowell persisted, returning to the subject. "You didn't when we were in school, I know."

"Yes, I always did," returned Mildred quickly. "I used to look at some of the workers who took part gracefully in church work and envy them, and at some who stumbled and pity them, but it was 'one of the least' who woke me up. Do you remember Miss Julia?"

"Oh, yes, the little crippled woman who sewed?"

"Yes. Well, she always came to the services, but never took any

part. I used to just swell up and want to help, but I always felt I couldn't. If I could do like Miss Kate now I would, but—

"Well, one night the minister preached an especially tender, powerful sermon, and I thought, 'Surely no one who is not a Christian can resist a Christ presented like that,' and I breathed a prayer that some one—that many might respond. I suppose I looked interested, and just then I felt a timid touch on my arm and there was little Miss Julia looking at me pleadingly. 'Wouldn't you like to be a Christian, dear?' she whispered. I felt stunned. I had been a Christian for three years and she didn't know it just because she wasn't present when I joined the church. I stammered a reply and she crept away, but I never forgot my lesson and I began then and there to let my light shine.

"I realized that only foolish pride had kept me from testifying for my Master. I was too proud to make a stumbling effort. I wanted to soar, to do something for my own glory instead of Christ's. Why, I could take part in high school debates and was proud of my essay work and willing to recite anywhere. Why could I not do as well in church? I began right away to work in Christian Endeavor. I didn't shirk any task. I learned to pray, but not for show. I learned that sometimes one stumbling sentence would reach a heart where flowery eloquence would fail. I joined the Missionary Society because the cause appealed to me, never dreaming of the cultural value it possessed.

"Why, our missionary magazine is full of information. I've learned more about geography than I ever learned in school, and the missionary letters give us glimpses of customs and habits we'd have to search reference books for weeks to find. Then, too, the articles often refer to the forms of government, so we keep up with that and we learn of the different climates, seasons, crops and industries in all the countries where we have missions—and we have many missions.

"The best of all is the transforming power of Christ in the lives of these people; how the condition of women and children is changed where Christ is known; how civilization follows the missionary. Why, Lucile, there couldn't be any club with a more interesting course of study. Then take the people in the Society; we have them from every walk in life. One can't possibly broaden so much when they just mingle with their own class—it's too much like the caste system of India. (Yes, I learned about that, too.) In our Society there's Mrs. Redmond, whose husband is a millionaire, and Mrs. Wright, who sews, and Mrs. Langtry, who has

written a 'best seller' this year, and we all meet as just 'one in Christ Jesus.' Why, we're better Americans—aren't we boastful of the fact that we're born free and equal? You won't find that statement verified overmuch in your exclusive clubs, though; but it is in this club. Look at the hostesses for today. One was a farmer's wife, one the wife of a noted judge and one a teamster's wife, yet they worked together as equals, because before God they are equal and will be through all eternity."

"Mildred," cried Lucile, her face pale, her eyes blazing, "no one ever talked to me like that before. I never thought of such things. I want to know more! Let me see that paper you read, right now."

And Mildred, who knew Lucile did nothing by halves, breathed a little prayer as she hurried to the living room to get a copy of THE MISSIONARY HELPER.—Adapted from *Missionary Tidings*.

WOMEN AND THE WAR

(Under the foregoing title our HELPER will pass on, from time to time, the most vital and suggestive facts and ideas expressed on this subject in the many periodicals that come to the desk. We are confident that such a department will stimulate thought and discussion at home and in the auxiliaries.—EDITOR.)

Women must be the soldiers in the war against waste.—Secretary of the Navy.

"The Women of America," says Mr. Hoover, "have never failed to answer such a call as comes to them now.Without food conservation we cannot win the war.We do not ask that the American people should starve themselves, but that they should eat plenty, wisely and without waste.It may well be that the women of America will play a deciding part in the great war."

The opportunities of Red Cross work are virtually limitless. Those in charge of the vast work reverently thank God that American womanhood already is responding so splendidly to the call of the colors, to all that is merciful, helpful, sympathetic and generous. And we know absolutely that American womanhood will continue thus to respond in increasing numbers, with increasing power.—Albert W. Straub, in *The Delineator*.

We are fighting in a war for democracy. But more than that we are fighting a war against war.We shall come out of the war a poorer people, a more solemn people, but a people that has learned in the hardest school in the world the lessons of discipline, and of frugality, and self-

denial and thrift.—Editorial in *Woman's Home Companion*.

If the call comes to us for any immediate duty, no matter what, we shall be ready to perform it—ready for any sacrifice, as true American Women. But meantime there is the great duty of remaining loyal to our accustomed tasks, of promulgating the doctrine of cheerfulness, of going bravely and serenely on our accustomed ways, of keeping our own little world, and so the great world of which it is a part, as nearly normal as possible.

But until you are called to service go about your daily tasks facing the future fearlessly, and determined to do your share when the hour shall strike. Don't hoard. Let business be as usual. To stop the regular lines of commerce is to threaten disaster. Be calm. Put your faith in an All-Wise Creator and try to look upon the struggle as a great labor-pain of history from which will be born a new freedom and a new justice for all the peoples of the earth. Be proud to take your part in such a glorious struggle.—*Needlecraft*.

"It is well to have abundant grain," says a writer in the *Independent*, "it is well to have a strong army now, and it is well that all our industrial resources be speedily mobilized, and that every individual who claims to be a citizen or even a man or woman make a worthy contribution to our country's cause. But we need even more to muster our mental resources and do some of the straightest thinking that our poor heads ever knew. For the welfare of the world is bound up in the thoughts of individuals everywhere and our thinking must be as inclusive as the globe or it will be valueless.I should like to hear of an army of at least 50,000,000 men and women in this country who seriously wish to think as they have never thought before—about war, about world relations, about a workable religion. And the good thing about this is that they will not have to go anywhere or cease any patriotic service to which they have pledged themselves."

From an article in *The Independent* on Mobilizing Woman's Service, we quote the following:—

"It is necessary to remember that one must do one's bit where one is. It is less glorious, less romantic perhaps, but it is a truer, finer patriotism, a deeper recognition of individual responsibility in its relation to national service. For example, I learned at the Washington headquarters of the League that they have been flooded with letters from teachers anxious to give up their positions in the schools to serve their country elsewhere. As

a matter of fact, where could they serve it better, more truly, than in their profession as teachers? They are needed in the school where they can exert their influence over the children, developing in them a knowledge of high ethical standards of right thinking. These teachers have a grave responsibility in the training of these children who are the men and women of the future, and upon whose moral standards and right thinking the country's very life depends. Our weakness as a nation today is a 'confusion of mind' regarding vital issues, the present national issue for instance, which is appalling. We must reveal again that strength of a sound inheritance and the virtues of a pioneer life which are ours. Where the issues of this war are concerned, there is no excuse for 'confusion of mind.' Our choice lies between autocracy, ruthlessness, intolerance, all that is antithetic to our traditions and our ideals, and democracy, freedom, justice, that justice, to quote William Penn, that is the only guarantee of a true and permanent peace."

We wish that each member of our HELPER family might read a notable article in the June *Atlantic Monthly* "Good Friday, 1917," in which Margaret Prescott Montague makes a stirring appeal for the mobilization of the spiritual forces of America. "We are filled with a burning desire to serve," she writes, "but for the most part we are offered little outlet to that desire. But this call for the best self is open to us all. No matter who you are, where you are, or what you do, you can make to it now in your everyday life an immediate and passionate response and by so doing know that you are not alone laying up for yourself treasure in heaven, but are as well laying up in the heart of a rich and powerful country a vast national treasure of the spirit, which may be drawn upon from time to time for the help of a cruelly afflicted world. The greatness of a whole nation is so inextricably bound up with individuals that I beg again each one of you now to say to himself or herself, 'This means *me*. It means me and *my* life, *my* best self, *my* highest ideals, if the magnificent opportunities of the times are to be realized'."

"Lord, give the mothers of the world
More love to do their part—
That love which reaches not alone
The children made by birth their own,
But every childish heart."

QUIZ

Who was "Our Lady of Mercies?"

Who scouts a halo?

In what business is there an overflowing cup of joy?

Why should we be stimulated to improve every opportunity for culture?

Where was our Lady impressed with the awful weight of ignorance and superstition?

What are a few facts of Miss Butts' early life?

What were some of her prominent characteristics?

The realization of a dream of philanthropy—What? Whose?

How was it carried out?

How did Miss Butts demonstrate the Christ-love?

What were some of her duties?

A charmed experience—what was it?

How does the *Orija Morning Star* pay tribute to a Christian heroine?

Who can tell the story of an Italian color-bearer?

When did Miss Butts go on "her long furlough?" Where was she laid to rest?

Who is Gunga Babu?

How can manual work be linked with the missionary idea?

What are some best ways of making facts impressive?

What is Miss Hartley's summing up?

"Water, water, everywhere, and not a drop to use." Where and why?

What sons and daughters are loyal to the stars and stripes?

What did a boy say about the "Battle Hymn of the Republic?"

Why is a certain state fortunate in missionary relationships?

What was the parting word of a stirring address?

What was a rich experience?

Who would have been proud, and why?

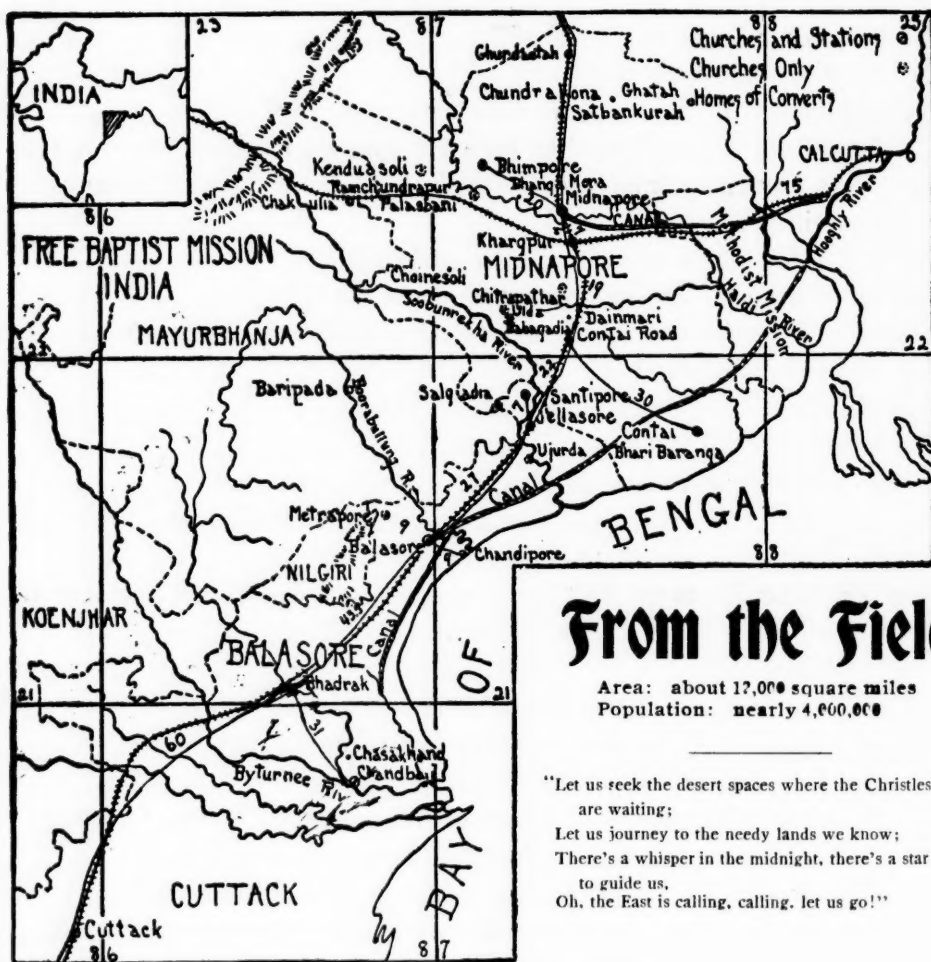
What are some of the helps for our study of Africa?

Which auxiliary made the largest contribution in May?

Than what is there no greater privilege or higher blessing?

(Answers may be found in the July HELPER.)

The fountain of content must spring up in the mind; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own disposition will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.—*S. Johnson.*



MY VISIT TO STORER

By ALIN M. METCALF.

At last the anticipations of a year were being realized and I was on my way to Storer College for a month's visit. It was a home going, when I expected to meet old friends, see again the verdure clad hills of West Virginia, hear once more the ripple of the Shenandoah, explore the haunts of my favorite wild flowers, and best of all, to have heart to heart talks with teachers and students.

Through the year, I had been hearing encouraging reports, so was not disappointed on my arrival to find all departments in good working

order and harmony prevailing. My old room in Myrtle Hall was made attractive by loving hands. Pictures, ferns and flowering Dogwood gave at once a home feeling and I questioned if I had ever been away. After a quiet year in my own home, I welcomed again the merry laughter and catchy songs of the girls in the Hall as they went about their work. I am glad that there is such a place in which they can be happy and at the same time receive lessons which will fit them for life's work.

May is a busy month at Storer, all effort being directed to anniversary week. There was very little time for visiting, but plenty of opportunities to lend a helping hand. I noted with pleasure some of the results of the religious meetings during the winter. The C. E. Society observed Mothers' Day with a public service. It was well planned and carried out by the young people. The next Sunday evening was held the last meeting of the year and to me was a joyous service; joyous because of the testimonies of so many students, and the many expressions of appreciation of the helpful religious uplift they had received at Storer.

The bazaar which Mrs. McDonald mentioned in the July HELPER was successful in every way and an innovation which would bear repeating.

I was glad to see the interest of the Botany classes, old and new, and longed to go with them in their search for wild flowers.

Anniversary exercises began with a concert by the bands—three in number. I recall the first efforts of our college band as it played "Old Kentucky Home" on the campus, and I contrast it with the band of today and note the marked improvement.

Friday evening the freshman class held its prize speaking contest. On Saturday the final dress rehearsal for the Cantata to be presented Anniversary evening was held. Sunday evening, trustees, faculty, graduates, students and friends filled the church to listen to the baccalaureate sermon, given by our own President McDonald.

Monday night the sophomore class held its prize speaking contest and Tuesday evening the Juniors exhibited their oratorical ability. Tuesday afternoon the trustees held their first meeting. All regretted the enforced absence of the President of the board, Dr. A. W. Anthony, but were glad to welcome Mr. John Fletcher of Providence, R. I., Lewis B. Stillman, Saco, Me., T. E. Robertson and Coralie F. Cook of Washington, D. C., F. E. Wiley, Principal of Schools at Kimball, W. Va., and Mrs. F. S. Mosher of Boston. The interest shown by the trustees who

come to us each year is certainly encouraging to the local members and helpful to the school.

The exercises given by the Alumni on Wednesday night are worthy of more than passing notice. The president, Mr. C. Sumner Arter, presided with dignity. The music, under the direction of Miss Nason, was highly appreciated, the more so because the new Grand piano was used. That which interested me most was the appearance of the Alumni. Nearly half the Chapel had been reserved for them and was well filled. The first to appear was a member of the first graduating class, the wife of a Methodist pastor in Baltimore. Then followed representatives of the various classes up to the present time. One could only look and the question, "Is Storer Worth While?" could be readily answered. During the week a surprise came to us. A lifelike portrait of Rev. E. W. Porter arrived. His daughters had kindly and lovingly responded to the request for such a memorial. It seems fitting that one whose work at Storer has proven such a blessing should still be with us in this memorial picture. What should we do without our attractive church? It was by the efforts of this man that our church edifice was made possible.

The last Chapel service for the year, held Wednesday morning, is always interesting and impressive. The exercises were conducted by members of the graduating class. Then followed an hour of reminiscences, when many told of the good received at Storer and the influence it had upon determining their future.

The class of 1917 passed out singing "Auld Lang Syne" and the class of 1918 became seniors.

Thursday the great day came. In other years I have seen the campus covered with vehicles of almost every description, but not an automobile among them. This year I saw few carriages and many autos. By nine o'clock the Chapel was well filled and the exercises of the graduating class of 1917 began. Thirty-one young people received diplomas in the various classes.

Great interest waited the results of the prize speaking, the awarding of scholarships and the announcement of honor students. The anniversary dinner served in Lincoln Hall furnished an opportunity for social intercourse and happy reunions. In the afternoon a memorial service for the Rev. N. C. Brackett was held in Curtis Memorial church. This was the beginning of a series of celebrations which are to be held

throughout the year in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Storer College.

Thursday night the climax was reached when the Cantata of Esther was presented in costume before a wonderfully enthusiastic audience which completely filled the Chapel. Only words of appreciation were heard for those who had made possible so acceptable a rendering of this very attractive composition. The students who furnished music between the acts were heartily applauded.

Friday "good-byes" were said and the halls and campus of Storer College which so recently were teeming with young life became silent, and only the breezes sighing through the trees wafted back the echoes of the farewells so lately said.

Carolina, R. I.

BUSY DAYS

(Extracts from personal letters from Amy Porter.)

BALASORE, INDIA, March 25, 1917.—Knowing what next week is likely to be I think I'd better get this letter written tonight. I am due to furnish a prize-giving at Motsai school tomorrow, at Bampada Wednesday and at Permit Ghat Friday. I believe in making our Christian school prize givings on a basis of merit. But a Hindu school is a different proposition. In the attempt to get as many girls as possible from Hindu homes educated and to save them from such early marriages, I am willing to have some gift for everyone who comes, with a little special for those who do best in school.

Friday I went to Permit Ghat. That school has suffered terribly this past month with weddings. Several of those little girls had gone to be married. In the upper class there were only two present and one of them is to be married next month. Can you believe it? Children like those, from nine to twelve years of age, really being married? The age for marriage is getting higher all the time but even ten years of age seems very young for a girl to be settled for life.

No letter received from America for ever so long. I fear our mail will be very uncertain now till the end of the war. English mail came in this last week, as usual, but no American mail. I see no chance of getting any off in these next two weeks of prize-giving, either. If any one complains, please tell them to send out another missionary! We

need one at once, right here. However, we are happy and well most of the time, and we get on some way. Only—letters don't get written, and no more language study.

Our March and April showers have begun. They bring coolness with them. The heat has not been bad at all thus far. There are delightful breezes at night.

April 5.—So you have been cold this winter? Our cool weather lasted unusually long, but we haven't regretted it. These last weeks have been hot enough for anybody. I did four prize givings in five days last week. The hotter it got and the harder I worked the better I seemed to feel. Exams were going on in all the Christian schools, so I was free from my morning lace class. Monday I did the Motsai prize giving for about seventy-five Hindu girls, Wednesday at Bampada some twenty-five were present, Thursday I walked to Kespur and back. There were twenty present. Friday at Permit Ghat there were forty present. One girl recently married was not allowed to come, so some of us went there afterwards. The children sang songs and they fed me sweets and garlanded me.

No more tonight.

AMY PORTER.

TREASURER'S NOTES

With our June receipts given herewith, another F. B. W. M. S. year closes, and we, its members, enter a new era of service.

We have all learned that this means no giving up of "our very own" work, or any part of it. *The work continues. It is ours*, in the individual, and in the broader *union* meaning,—a part of the larger whole.

It was part of the working out of *union*, that, as more and more our individual churches merged with others, it should become increasingly difficult for us to have definite knowledge of our W. M. S. contributions for Bengal-Orissa, for it was through *various* channels the gifts were reaching their usual and final destination. It was thus, too, difficult to plan definitely with reference to the support of the work, and so it became evident to us all that we had reached the next step toward the union goal, which we had set for ourselves. To see was to act, and the record of the year has been that of our entering in.

The material expression of the year's service, that of the dollars and cents, you will agree with us is satisfactory and commendable. Anticipating annual reports we may say that while the total of Letter Contributions last year was \$10,134.74 with bequest gifts amounting to \$1,031.00 for Invested Funds, this year's total is \$8,444.72, with \$510.00 to be passed to the Investment Fund for permanent investment. There are several things which enter into occasioning the difference. First, and principally, there was the fuller progress of union. Two of our states, Michigan and Minnesota, planned and closed their F. M. year's work March 31st, and their F. M. gifts for the last three months of our W. M. S. year went direct to W. A. B. F. M. Treasurers, as also gifts from other auxiliaries quite generally have gone forward.

We feel sure we, as a society, have not been found wanting in making our usual provision for Bengal-Orissa, though we have no longer in hand tangible proof of this assurance.

In the generosity of our Thank Offerings we have occasion for large gratitude. The *splendid* one from Winnebago Auxiliary, \$71.61, that of Lowell Paige St. Auxiliary, Portland, Maine, etc. came too late for inclusion in this month's receipts.

The manner of union has not been immediate or forced, but rather it has been progressive in process, according to the individual acceptance or will of our constituency. It has been a going before in counsel, by our leaders; a pointing out of the way, in form of an opportunity made plain,—this, as a step toward the oneness of all God's children for which our Christ made supplication. That which one does voluntarily, he does with satisfaction. Surely we shall all enter gladly our new year of united service.

To illustrate the spirit in which our state officers are passing over the work, let us quote from a recent letter: "I have so much enjoyed the work that I really feel a pang at laying it down, though I have already taken up duties in Red Cross work in place of this. But this, though important, is not so near my heart as our dear mission work. The dear Father will bless those who take up this work, or add it to that already in hand, as He has blessed me. I can ask for them no richer reward."

If you have heeded our HELPER Editor's counsel, and have secured a copy of *Our Work in the Orient*, the interesting account of the year's work of the W. A. B. F. M. Society, you have noted the cordial greeting to our Bengal-Orissa missionaries which it contains: "To our women

missionaries of Bengal-Orissa we extend our right hands in a clasp of real friendship as we assure them of our welcome to the fellowship of the W. A. B. F. M. S., of our interest in their work, and of our love for them personally and the cause which they represent."

Doubtless as you have read, you have decided, and have been increasingly glad to place your emphasis thus,—*Our work in the Orient.*

Again in the *Forty-sixth Annual Report of the Woman's American Baptist Foreign Missionary Society*, which has just come to our desk, there are these words of greeting to Free Baptist women: "To these friends here in our home churches we extend a most cordial welcome and assure them of our earnest desire to make this union one which shall be blessed to them and to us and shall contribute to the advancement of the kingdom of our Lord. Our interest and prayers must henceforth include in their scope the district of India known as Bengal-Orissa, five cities therein and the nine missionary women who are working there and who, within the last few months have joined our missionary family."

Shall we not each in turn feel that our prayers and interest must and shall include the entire work of the W. A. B. F. M. Society, of which we are now a part?

We feel confident that our coming year's record will be one of faithfulness to Bengal-Orissa, and to our larger opportunity.

But what of Storer, equally important and dear to us? It is also ours—as W. M. S. and individuals—to provide for. In just what manner Annual Meeting will decide and our HELPER report. We have been glad to note increased expressions of love and loyalty as the year's gifts have come in. Storer's need seemingly was never greater than at the present moment. Let our appreciation and our gifts increase in proportion to her need.

With keenest appreciation of the splendid capability of our working force, its loyalty and that of each individual W. M. S. member.

Cordially,

EDYTH R. PORTER.

47 Andover St., Peabody, Mass.

"When a year is for Christ, it is also for everything else that is desirable in life, since the greater includes the lesser."

Helps for Monthly Meetings

"In all effort for missions, education is the essential foundation upon which is built Christian character that expresses itself in prayer, gifts and service."

TOPICS FOR 1917-1918.

- September—Welcome Day.**
October— Our Work in the Orient.
November—Home Missions.
December—"The White Man in Africa."
January—"The Bulu."
February— I. Prayer and Praise. II. "The Bulu and God."
March—"The Ten Tyings."
April—"The New Tribe."
May— Thank Offering.
June—"The New Custom."
July— Field Day.
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The first meeting of the season is fittingly called "Welcome Day." Make it all that its name suggests. Decorate with banners, posters, motto, our colors, flowers. Have copies of HELPERS and other literature on a special table. Invite membership in the society and subscribers to the magazine. Give echoes from Ocean Park and a glimpse of what your auxiliary promises for the year. The development of our Topic-outline for 1917-18 will come later, but the program for "Our Work in the Orient" will be based upon the delightful book of that title by Miss Nellie G. Prescott, Foreign Secretary of the W. A. B. F. M. S. (Price 15 cents. Literature Department, W. A. B. F. M. S., 704 Ford Building, Boston, Mass.) "Home Missions" will emphasize our own Storer and give a glimpse of the wider work. There will be a place for the Red Cross, while we read and ponder "A Challenge to Christian Women." Special helps will be suggested for the study of Africa. Meantime, let us follow, as we can, the suggestions of the author and prepare ourselves by becoming familiar with the lives of the most noted missionaries to Africa and include in our summer reading such books as "Thinking Black," by Dan Crawford, or the books given in Mrs. Chapman's announcement in July. Our earlier study book, "Christus Liberator," may well be reread at this time. We urge that special thought and prepara-

tion be given to the devotional part of our programs. Let us study, pray, work and play together, accepting the aim, "One strong woman's society in the Church, so business-like in administration, so broad in its interests and activities, so inspiring and spiritual in its outlook that every woman in the Church will wish to ally herself with it."

Practical Christian Living

All centuries, all races, both sexes, all ages find in the Master their virtues consummated. The white light in him gathers up all the split and partial colors of our little spectrums. As we consider the significance of this, His word possesses a fresh and persuasive meaning when He says, "Ye call me Teacher and Lord, and ye do well, for so am I."—*Harry Emerson Fosdick.*



OUR QUIET HOUR (10 A. M.)

A DAILY RESOLVE.

To talk with God before I talk with men.

To do my daily work with sunshine in my face and honey on my tongue.

To be strong in the presence of temptation; alert in the presence of opportunity; open-eared to the call of conscience for service or sacrifice; open-minded to the views of truth which differ from mine.

To work and not to worry; to be energetic and not fussy.

To be true to myself and false to no man; diligent to make a living and earnest to make a life.

To cherish friendships, and guard confidences.

To be loyal to principle at the cost of popularity.

To make no promises I can not keep, and to keep no foolish promises.

To be faithful to every honest obligation.

To be sweet-tempered under criticism, charitable in my judgments, discriminating in my adjectives.

To honor no one simply because he is rich.

To despise no one simply because he is poor.

To be respectful, not cringing to the great; sympathetic with the sorrowing; gentle to the weak; helpful to the fallen; courteous to all.

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To be simple in my tastes; quiet in my dress; pure in my speech; temperate in my pastimes.

To keep company with great books; cherish inspiring thoughts, and to keep my body on friendly terms with water and fresh air.

To fear nothing but sin; hate nothing but hypocrisy; envy nothing but a clean life; covet nothing but character.

And at last to leave the world a little better for my stay; to face death without a tremor, with faith in Christ who tunneled the grave that I might walk into the larger and perfect life.—*Selected.*

GENERAL SUBSCRIPTION AGENT'S NOTES

I shall not attempt anything of the nature of a report on current conditions at the subscription end of the HELPER at this time, because anything written this second week in July will not appear until after Annual Meeting, and at Annual Meeting much may occur to change any plans or clarify any difficulties we might speak of now.

But Annual Meeting will not change two facts. One is that the last year has been as good a one for the HELPER as I feel we have any right to expect under war conditions. The other is that if the HELPER is to continue its work it will need all the help its constituency can give it.

Before you have read this, I shall hope to have met many of you personally at Ocean Park.

Cordially,

A. M. MOSHER.

107 Howland St., Boston, Mass.

Father, this I ask of Thee,
Knowing Thou wilt grant the plea:
Strength for weakness, this I pray,
As I need it, day by day;
I'll not ask a lifted load,
Or a smooth and thornless road;
Simply strength to help me bear
All life's burdens—this my prayer.

Give me strength that I may make
Someone glad for Thy dear sake,—
Strength to lift from sorrowing heart
Grief that makes a teardrop start.
O my Father, grant the plea
That I make today of Thee—
That, at even, I may say,
"I have helped a soul today."

—Eben E. Rexford, in the *Christian Herald*.

Juniors



BABIES

Babies short and babies tall,
Babies big and babies small,
Blue-eyed babies, babies fair,
Brown-eyed babies with lots of hair,
Babies so tiny they can't sit up,
Babies that drink from a silver cup,
Babies that coo and babies that creep,
Babies that only can eat and sleep,

Babies that laugh and babies that talk,
Babies quite big enough to walk,
Dimpled fingers and dimpled feet,
What in the world is half so sweet
As babies that jump, laugh, cry and
crawl,
Eat, sleep, talk, walk, creep, coo and all,
Wee babies?

—Scisc ed.

A BABY IN INDIA

"Dear me! What do you call that?" The new missionary shaded her eyes from the setting Indian sun and peered down the road.

At first, a tent woven of straw seemed to be walking straight toward her, but soon three pairs of brown legs were visible beneath. She watched with growing interest. Straight on they came and halted under a spreading banyan tree on the mission premises. Then the tent began slowly to come down, and presently settled as if for the night.

"Dear me!" said the new missionary again, "I wonder if they are going to stay here. I must see what they want—in the morning." And so, when morning came and the missionary felt very brave, she walked out to call on her new neighbors.

A big man, with no shoes or stockings or hat or shirt, was cooking breakfast in a tiny brass pot placed upon a few stones. A little girl was scouring her shining teeth with a piece of charcoal.

"Salaam," said the man, putting his hands together at his forehead and bowing almost to the ground.

"Salaam," said the little girl, shyly, and then running toward the tent she pulled away the straw door and looked in as if to say, "won't you go in?"

The missionary stopped and put her head inside, and what do you think she saw? The dearest, littlest mite of a brown baby lay on the ground blinking its eyes in the light; and over in the corner on a pile of weeds lay the poor sick mamma.

The little girl carried the baby outside in her arms. "It's a nice fat baby," she said, kissing it.

The man frowned. "The gods are angry with us. They send us only girls." Then he straightened himself up and looked at the missionary. "Will you buy it, your honor? We are too poor to fill so many mouths, and this is but a girl."

The sick mamma, hearing his words, crept to the door. "Oh, Miss Sahib," she pleaded, "do take her. Your face is kind; you will be good to her. She won't be much trouble. Soon she will be big and can serve you. Please take her, Miss Sahib. Don't leave her here."

"I won't buy your baby, but I will take care of it if you will give it to me," said the missionary soberly, for she knew that every year in India many little girl babies who are not wanted die very mysteriously or are sold to wicked men.

"Take her," said the father crossly.

The mother lifted her head for one long kiss and a parting caress. The big tears ran down the little sister's face. The next morning when the missionary looked out, the straw house was gone and only a few ashes showed where the visitors had been. But the new baby who, one day—God willing—should go back to teach her people about the kind heavenly Father, who loves little girls as well as boys, slept sweetly on her clean blanket.—*Children's Missionary Friend*.

Contributions

"Money speaks all languages, there is no limit to the geographical range of its influence."

F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

Receipts for June, 1917

F. B. W. M. S. contributors should carefully designate how their money should be used, whether for Home Missions, Foreign Missions, or the Contingent Fund, remembering that the latter will be used by the Society where it is most needed.

MAINE		
Augusta, Penny Mem'l F B Aux, T O for C F		15.96
Bangor, Essex St F B W M S, T O . . .	\$17 16	40 96
(L M Mrs C J Ewer)	25 66	
Biddeford, Jefferson St F B Aux, Storer		
\$20; C F 5.00	25 00	
Bowdoinham Ridge Aux, T O for C F . .	2 00	
Houlton, F B W M S for Storer	10 00	
A Friend for Higher Education Girls in India	5 00	
Mars Hill Aux, F M 10.85; H M 10 85 . .	21 70	
No Berwick, F B C R for Brown Babies .	14 50	
F B Aux for Murka in S O 25.00; dues		
Ocean Park, Toilers-by-the-Sea T O 58.40		
(inc C R 4.75, Wade Mem'l F M \$10); dues 4.00		62 40
(L M Miss Flora E Spear, Miss Anna D Scribner, Miss Edna A Folsom)		
Saco, Cutts Avenue Aux, T O, Belle D Thompson School 25.00; ZT 25.00; CF 21 23		71 25
(L M Mrs H H Hayes & Mrs Blanche N Furber)		
Scarboro F B W M Soc for Lena McKenney in S O		25 00
So Limington Aux, dues 1.50; T O 13.50 .		15 00

So Portland Aux, T O, 1.13 Com L M Mrs
Henry G Clerk, 20.00 L M Mrs Har-
riet Valencourt and 6.89 toward L M
name to be sent later 28 02
Topsham Aux, T O, F M 10.00; Sto 10.00;
Barbados 5.00 25 00
(L M Mrs Etta Hamlin, Mrs Susie
Alexander & Mrs Katherine Mallett)
W Bowdoin Aux, T O. Remainder pledge
sal'y Miss Coombs 6.00; Share Miss
Barnes' sal'y 4.00; Storer 11.00 21 00
Woodfords, Mrs F F Maxim, T O for C F 1 00
Total for Maine, \$410.63

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Alton, T O for C F 8 00
Danville Mission Soc T O. ½ H M, ½ F M 21 09
Dover, Hills H & F M Soc T O, 25.00 for
Storer, 20.00 for C F 45 03
(L M Miss Myrtle Pounds and Mrs
M A Galucia)
Do, Do for Native Teacher 6 25
Epsom Aux 18 35
Meredith Aux, dues 18 22
Do, T O 9 21
New Hampton Aux, T O 26.50; Miss
Barnes 4.00 30 50
(L M Mrs Lillie G Plummer & Mrs
Geneva R Cheever)
Pittsfield Aux, dues 1 00
Plymouth, Miss Ida M Batchelder "where
most needed at Storer" 10 00
Rochester Aux, T O for C F 12.63; gift \$1 13 63
West Lebanon 6 00
Whitefield Aux, Share Storer Coll \$10.00; 20 00
"Where most needed at Storer" 10.00
Total, New Hampshire, \$207.28

MASSACHUSETTS

Haverhill Aux. T O, Miss Barnes' sal'y,
Dea Page's girls 4.00; Storer 10.00;
C F 10.00 24 00
Mass W M S, Funds in trust 13 53
Total for Massachusetts, \$37.53

RHODE ISLAND

Arlington Aux, T O, ½ H and ½ F 8 71
Carolina Aux, dues, ½ H and ½ F 3 00
Greenville Aux, T O, ½ H and ½ F 20 00
Olneyville, Plainfield St Aux, 6.34 H M;
6.34 B O 12 68
Pascoag Aux, Stor 14.00, T O 14 00
Providence, Elmwood Ave Aux, dues 6 94
Do, do, Ind 1 00
Do, T O for Zenana Teacher at Bal 12 31
Roger Wms Aux, dues 16 00
Do T O. ½ H. ½ F 23 13
Taunton Aux, dues 4 00
Total for Rhode Island, \$121.77

NEW YORK

Brooklyn, Miss Eva F Buker, "where-
ever most needed at Storer 25 00
Franklin, Mrs L B Powers for Bengal-
Orissa 2 00
No Scriba Church, Mrs Mary H Hoose
for F M 5 00
Total for New York, \$32 00

PENNSYLVANIA

Tioga County Q M for sal'y Miss Barnes 13 00

OHIO

Rio Grande Church 2 52

MICHIGAN

Bankers, Stor 2.20; T O 11.10 13 30
Batavia, Stor 1 60
Corey Hill, Stor 1 00
Crystal, Stor 5.70; Dr B 6.90 12 60
Dresden, Ont, for Dr B 2 55
Hillsdale College Ch Aux, Stor 3.40; T O
40.00 43 40
(L M Miss E Salmon and Mrs S B
Harvey)
Jackson F B Ch for Miss Daniels 7 32
Kingston, T O 7 20
Locust Corners, Storer 6 10
North Rome, Storer 3 00
Onsted, T O 7 53
Perry, Mrs Mahala J Hawley, dues 1.00,
T O 1.00 2 00
Reading, T O 18 00
Sparta, Stor 3 70; T O 4.80 8 50
West Cambria, Stor 1.20; T O 10.37 11 57
Do C R 5 24
Total for Michigan, \$150.91

MINNESOTA

Champlin, Remainder sup Z T Mid 5.00;
T O 16.00 21 00
Nashville on apport 3 80
Sebek, Mrs A J Marshall for sal'y Mrs
Holder 10 00
Total for Minnesota, \$34.80

IOWA

Oxford Jct, Mrs May L Chatterton, Ben-
gal-Orissa 5 00

KANSAS

Buffalo Valley Aux, (T O & C R) Miss
Barnes 8.35; T O 8.35 16 70
Jamestown, Summit F B S S for Miss
Barnes 6 63
Topeka, Mrs Sylvia Wegele, T O 2 00
Total for Kansas, \$25.33

TEXAS

Stewart Chapel, sal'y Mrs Holder 9 73
Unity Church, sal'y Mrs Holder, T O 4 80
Texas Churches and Wom Miss Societies 67 99
Total for Texas, \$82.52

MISCELLANEOUS

Income, F M 1 21
Gen'l 46 92
H S Bal 5 00
S O 25 00
(L M Mrs M A Caverly, Lynn, Mass)
Total Miscellaneous, \$78.13

Total Receipts, June, 1917 \$1201 42

EDYTH R. PORTER, Treasurer

47 Andover St., Peabody, Mass.
Per May Malvern, Assistant Treasurer

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give and bequeath the sum of — to the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary
Society, incorporated under the laws of the State of Maine.

XUM

XUM